

Scape Goat

by Skittles-Obsessed-Wolf-Girl

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Summary: Lillian Roland: daughter, sister, outcast...freak. And now, added to that list, is mother. How will Lillian fare raising two children of a race she thought to be fiction when she is still classified as a child herself? Will she be as good of a mother as her own, or will she crumble under the weight of the huge responsibility?

1. Lillian Roland vs The Past

****Hey guys it's Skittles here. I adopted this story from ****my feathered scales****. She had the first 5 chapters wrote, but I'm writing them in my own style of writing. I thought the idea of this story was pretty cool so Awesome job ****my feathered scales****. Thanks for letting me adopt it! I hope it meets your expectations! I think I'll just let ya'll read this now. Have fun! R+R! ****

Song of the chapter~ ****Brick by Boring Brick by Paramore.****

' Well she lives in a fairy tale. Somewhere to far for us to find. Forgoteen the taste and smell. Of the world that she's left behind...But it was a trick and the clock struck twelve. Well, make sure to build up your heart. Brick by boring brick. Or the wolf's gonna blow it down.' ~ ****Brick by Boring Brick by - Paramore****

****Lillian Roland vs. The Past****

"NNNOOOOOOO! WHY EVIL AUTHOUR LADY WHY!? WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE A CLIFF HANGER?! WHY?!", I yelled in anguish. It was just getting really good to! Grrr...

"Everything okay up there Honey? Does Dean need to come up there and fix your computer again?," I heard my mom say. My face turned red from embaessment and I yelled no towards her. Curse her, bringing up that incident. In my defense, I was reading this really good

fanfiction, and they decided to end everything right in the middle of the story with a , and I quote, 'A bomb dropped from nowhere and blew up the universe. The End! Right after killing my favorite character in the story! You just don't do that! It's war I declare. War! Anyway, your probably wondering what that crazy women doing aren't you? Well, if you read fanfiction alot...you know my pain right now. If you don't...sucks for you.

"Dinner time," I heard my mom yell accopained by the pouding of footsteps down the hall. I shut my laptop with a snap and jumped out of my bed, almost tripping over my too long pajama pants. I dashed out of the room and ran into the kitchen, making it just before my brother somehow, and lunged for the comfy chair. My brothers halted in the frame of the door seeing me in the chair. They looked at each other before picking the chair out and dumping me out of it.

"OW!," I yelled as my butt hit the ground with a loud thump. My brothers sat down on the chair, each of them squished into the edge. Both of them were trying to knock the other out of it before mom came in with a plate of steaming burgers and fries. I watched, covering my mouth to silence my laughther, as mom calmly sit the plate in the middle of the table in front of us. She grabbed the back the chair and pulled it up abruptly, forcing them to come tumbling out of it. Then she sat in the chair herself.

The two boys looked up and whined, " Mom!" She laughed and they sighed before they got up sitting in the other uncomfrotable wooden chairs with me doing the same. I grabbed a burger and and used the tongs to get alot of french fries.

" Nom. Nom. French fries my favroite," I said practically drooling.

"That's because you're a pig Lils," The younger of my brother of my two older brothers said with a snear.

" I'm not a pig you mole," I replied to him. Dean was someone who always seemed to hate the world. I always thought he hated me, or that he blamed me for dad's death...Until one night he came into my room crying one night. He told me then that he insulted me like that because he wanted me to be strong or something like that. I ,to this day, don't understand how picking on me is supposed to make me strong, but atleast I knew he loved me though. We used to, and still do, get into fight all the time. Three years ago, I used to always beat him, but now I think he caught onto my method of using my speed, and now beats me. It doesn't help that he is a head taller than my five foot three inch height. He had black shaggy hair and dark green eyes. He use to have dad's light brown hair, but he dyed it after dad...passed away. Something about not wanting any reminders.

I took a bite of my burger while thinking about my family. I was in in a family with a single mother and three kids. Luke, the oldest of us kids, was 24 years old and just finshed university and is now working as a chef in a small restaurant down the street. He dreamed to one day own his own restrauant. Luke was the tallest of us all standing at about a 6 foot tall height. He had ,oddly, blond hair. It was werid because mom had a carmelish reddish color hair and dad had light brown, but oh well. He also had blue eyes, and was quite the...how do I put it...player. He took out a diffrent girl every day of the week yet never brought one home. He was werid. Then there was

Dean, the computer geek, the only one who enjoys playing video games with me, and annoyingly annoying meanie.

My mother, Anna-Jane Roland, who was a widowed women raising two unruly devil sons and one quiet daughter. She was loving and nice, always looking out for what was best for her kids. She had this really pretty carmelish reddish hair that had the slightest wave to it. It made her green eyes pop out, even though those eyes were surrounded by black circles from many sleepless nights working to keep us fed and happy. She was always offered help form Mrs. Julie White, who was I guess you could say unt on dad's side, but mom always refused. She didn't like borrowing money from people for some reason. She also was never really close to Dad's family. She even expresed to me once that she thought they were to loud and a little annoying.

Then there was me, Lillian Roland, a quiet 15 year old girl who loved art, anime, reading, and was sucker for cartoons. I have carmel hair and honey brown eyes. A few small freckles dusted my tan checks. I had a small and this frame, but it was toned and slightly muscled from gymnastics I do. I was also social reject at school who mostly kept to herself. I guess it was because my face just screamed, 'HEY, PICK ON ME! TEASE ME! I'M DIFFRENT AND THAT MEANS THAT I'M OBVIOUSLY BELOW YOU!' You see what I'm getting at? If you're woundering why the school choose me to be their scape goat, it was probabally the large scar on the side of my face. It was a large red and angry burn on my right cheek. It also covered most of my right arm, right leg, and my stomache.

The kids at school at school came up with a rumor that I tried to commit suicide by setting myself on fire, but this isn't the case. I tried to tell my friends but...they didn't belive me...Now nobody wanted to hang out with the crazy suicidal girl. They would rather have someone to blame all their wrong doings on. They wouldn't think otherwise no madder what. I know the truth though. The memory is still burned into mine. It was like the flames had not only let perment marks on my skin, but also permant marks on my brain. I could still hear dad screaming for help in the drivers seat, and I could feel the glass cutting through my hands as I crawled away from the car like I was still there. The truck next to us had a drunk driver in it. He died quickly and painlessly while my dad suffered for 3 hours on a hospital bed before passing away.

I blinked away the tears that threatened to roll down. I still had my mom and my brothers. This was a time to be happy that we were all together atlast, besides...Dad died 3 years ago. I have to get over it. The weather in Georgia tonight is a little to cold, which is perfect to me, and I plan to enjoy it.

"I'm done mom. I'm gonna go star glazzing for a few if you don't care," I said already standing up and grabbing my plate. She smiled and kinda winked at me. "Just watch out for trolls. Don't want them to steal all your left socks now do we?" She said obviously trying to make a How to Train Your Dragon joke. I chuckled. " Okay mom. See ya in a bit," I replied putting my plate in the dish washer having already finished it all. I went out on the porch and sat on the hammock that I had claimed as mine, and stared at the stars in awe. Even though there just glowing orbs in the sky, stars have always fasinated me. It takes years for light out there to reach earth here, so it's like I'm looking at something from a while ago in the past.

The bright glowing star over there could have already died out for all I know. I just think it's really cool.

I closed my eyes and relaxed rocking back and forth on the hammock. I cracked my eyes open to see two cars leaving the drive way, their red tail lights glowing dimmer as they drove away. I shut my eyes again. That must have been Luke and mom going off to work. This was my life, Luke and my mom working their butts off to provide for our family and all the bills, and me sitting at home doing nothing. I can't wait till I'm 16 and I can get a job to help. It's same thing every single day. Sure there will be a few changes here and there, but it's basically all the same thing over and over again. Don't get me wrong, I'm grateful for what I have. I never have to worry about if I'm gonna eat, I'm always safe, and compared to alot of people I'm living the life! It's just...sometimes I think there as to be something more to life than this.

I knew when my eyes were growing heavy it was time to head in. I lazily swung my legs off the hammock and proceeded to face slam into the ground. Groaning, I got off the concrete rubbing my face, and walked inside and to my bedroom. I layed down on my bed and pulled open my laptop, seeing that the Transformer fanfiction I had been reading had been updated while I had been gone. I fist bumped the air in excitement, pulling the laptop into my lap, and commenced with my reading. The next thing I know, I heard a creaking of a door, and woke up slightly not moving an inch. I craked my eye open slowly and saw Dean in the doorway chuckling. He slowly tip toed to the side of my bed, before grabbing my laptop that I had just figured out was making imprints on my forehead, and maneuvered it off of me and layed me down carefully. Quickly closing my eyes not wanting to get caught, I felt my blanket cover me, and Dean kissed my forehead.

"Night little sis," I heard him mumble. The familiar ding of my laptop turning off rang through the room, and heard the door gently close. I smiled a small smile and said quitely to myself, " I really hope he saved what chapter I was on in that story." I snuggled into my pillow before falling into a deep sleep. For some reason, I had a feeling I was gonna need it.

Okay, so there is the first chapter! I hope it meets your expectations! For all those who read **my feathered scales**** original verson I'm sure you noticed lot of changed to some of the character and scenes. I did this to kinda help me relate a little more so I can write it a little better for yall.**

I didn't put the little ones in here yet, but I will lead up to that. I kinda want everyone to get a feel of Lillan's life before them. The story kinda sways off from **my feathered scales**** original in alot of ways, but it's also the same in alot of ways to. No changes will be made to the little ones though because their absoultley adorable!**

**If we have any new readers, Hello! Glad you could join me! LoL. I think this should about do it. I hope you liked it! R and R!
:)**

P.S.- Story name might change I will try to warn ahead though.

2. Lillian Roland vs A Cannon

****It's Skittles back again. I just want to say I'm so happy that this story has gottten so many readers! Never in a million years did I think I would get this many so I just want to thank you all so much. And also!****

****Thank you...****

****my feathered scales, Answerthecall,**** and ****Freddie4153**** for reviewing on my story! ****

****my feathered scales, Answerthecall, catspajamas12, Killa the Cosmic,TF angel, ****and ****Sunny-Sides-Of-Life**** for following this story!****

****And ****catspajamas12, Killa the Cosmic, ****and ****Freddie4153 for favoriting my story****! Is that even a word? Well, if it's not I just made a word LoL. ****

****I know it took me a while to post the second chapter, but my sister just had a baby so I've been kinda preoccipied. I'm an aunt and I'm so excited! Speaking of babies, I don't really know alot about sparklings so I'm gonna kinda make it up. So if you read something that dosen't acctually happen or something, please think what if this happened instead of That's not right! Fanfiction is all about imagination. So I'm going to start the chapter and I hope it meets all your expectations! Again, sorry for the long wait, and here we go!****

Song of the Chapter~ ****Battle Scars by Lupe Fiasco and Guy Subastian****

' Shouldn't of have but you said it. Shouldn't of happened but you let it. Now your on the ground screaming medic. The only thing that comes is the post tramatic stresses. Sheilds, body aarmor, and vests. Don't properly work. That's why you're in a locker full of hurt. The enemy within, and all the fires from your friends. The best medicine is to probally just let her win.' ****

~ Battle Scars by Lupe Fiasco and Guy Sebastian.****

****Lillian Roland vs. A Cannon****

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. I groaned as I woke up to the annoying blaring noice in my ear. I blindly struck my hand out to hit the button to turn it off. The noise stopped, but I didn't hit the button. I lazily looked over the side of the bed to see it laying on the ground. Well, thats broken. Eh, Dean will fix it later. I sat up on my bed rubbing my eyes before laying down to go back to sleep. The door to my room slamed against the door making me jerk up in surpirse. I glared at Luke who stood innocently by the door.

" Hey, wake up sis," he said grinnnng ear to ear. I was about to snap at him before I noticed how tired he was. His posture was slouched, like it never was, and his eyes were barely staying open. He must of just gotten off work...Just to pay the rent. My anger rolled off of me, replaced by sympathy. I was still aggravated though.

" I'm up. I'm up," I grumbled before standing next to my bed with my hands spread out like 'See?' He rolled his eyes before walking away. Probably to his bedroom to get dressed.

"I'm up. might as well get up and face the day." I grabbed some random clothes in my dresser and changed into them after I closed the door. I looked down at them and noticed it was a purple shirt with Deadpool on the front with his arms in front of him. In between his arms were the words, 'Nobody Cares,' with rainbows next the words. I also had blue jeans and a thin black jacket on. Satisfied, I grabbed my purple and black converses and slid on some socks and shoving them on. I slung my black over the shoulder purse and put it on. I grabbed my **flip folder filled with music and the lyre before shoving them in there to. I was too tired to worry about if they broke. I slung the backpack on before grabbing the black trumpet case that had straps on it like a back pack and slung one strap on one shoulder. I had to hold the strap so it wouldn't fall off my shoulder and walked slowly because of all the large cumbersome things.

I heard a honk in front of my house and high tailed it out of the house before the bus driver decided I wasn't worth waiting on. I rushed on and sat in the second seat from the bus driver. This was my seat I always sat in. I sat next to the window and sat my stuff down next to me. The bus driver, Mrs. Markson, blabbed on and on about how I should be out there waiting on her outside. ' I would if the time span that you came to my house was smaller then between 6 and 7,' I said in my head. I silently shook my head and told her mam'n, before pulling my headphones on and ignoring the world. I was about to go to war, A.K.A. school. Not fun. Before I knew it, we were at school. I let everyone out in front of me before slowly following them out the bus and through the doors to school. For each step forward, I wanted to take three backwards but I had promised mom I wouldn't skip school or classes anymore after she caught me skipping school for three days in a row.

When I walked in, I could practically detect danger. I looked around and saw a really chubby girl surrounded by three skinny blond girls walking towards me. My eyes widened. ' It's Jenny and the blonds,' I thought painically. Jenny was the one who started bullying me in the first place. She slept around alot, but always managed to put it on me. She probably wanted to be 'nice' and tell me about the rumour she 'heard around the school.' Bunch of bull crap. She'll tell me and by my expression she'll see if it's crushing enough for me enough to spread around school. It wouldn't be so bad if everyone didn't believe them. Some were even bad enough to almost have me jumped, though I haven't been hit once yet. I suspect it will happen when someone sees me alone outside of school. That's why I make a point of staying home.

I darted towards the nearest set of doors and made my way to the band room. It was the only place I was safe. Too nerdy apparently for the Gossipers and the band people tend to leave me to my own thing. Nobody stayed there during the morning anyway. This is why I usually stay here or the library. 'The people here can't read anyway. They don't have any use for a library,' I said chuckling at my little thought in my mind. I set my trumpet in my cubby before slinging my backpack over one shoulder and grabbing the music folder and lyre. I threw that in there to before putting my backpack back on right and peaking through the window. A group of people were standing out there laughing and joking around with each other. I looked longingly at

them. 'I wish I had friends like that...', I thought sadly. Thoughts of my friends before this whole thing started to fill my mind, but I shook them out and grabbed my book out of my bag. The bell rang and I went to my first period class.

The day seemed to blur together. Nothing special to remember really. Each class, the kids would find some reason to pick on me. They would throw paper balls at me, point at me and whisper like I didn't know what was going on. They would laugh and the teacher would sit there watching and doing nothing. I didn't react to anything. 'They'll get what they deserve one day,' I thought to myself, 'They'll regret this one day, and they'll bring more pain unto themselves with the regret then I could get out of making a big deal out of it. Getting angry or upset would only give them what they want.' The only class this didn't happen in was band and I treasured it. Next thing I knew, I was getting off the bus, and Mrs. Markson coated me with dust as she took off down the gravel road. I was the first one off and last one off. She probably wanted to get home, I could understand because I wanted to go home as soon as I walked out of my house. I went inside and dropped my stuff off inside, and found everyone was gone. I came to a realization.

"Dean's at robotics until 7, Mom and Luke are at work right now until 8, and it's only 4:06," I exclaimed to myself smiling more with each word. I could finally go for an adventure through the woods! The woods were a place a few blocks down the road, and mom forbid us from going there because of the snakes. I saw a lot of cars there though these past few weeks though, and I wanted to check it out. I grabbed a bottle of water before heading out of the house and to the woods.

I waited for a car to pass by before I crossed the road to the woods. 'That's weird. It's a police car, but it had Punish and Enslave on it...Nah, must be my eyes playing tricks on me, Hahaha what if it was Barricade. It's be an interesting day,' I thought to myself trying to keep my mind occupied for the walk. I got to the edge of the forest, and had just walked in the cover of the woods, when I heard a group of cars go across the road I had just crossed. There was a semi-peterbuilt truck, a yellow with black striped camero, a silver corvette, and a few other cars that I couldn't see because they were blocked by those cars. I raised an eyebrow. Well, those people are major transformer fans.

I hummed with the beat of the song I was listening to and stepped with the beat as I walked through the woods. I heard a note that sounded like it didn't belong in the song and stopped. I took out my Ipod to see if it was messing up, but I couldn't tell. I shrugged and went to put it in my pocket before I heard it again. It sounded like a machine that had been used for way to long. I paused the song I was listening to and slid the headphones to around my neck and pressed the Ipod to my ear. I didn't hear anything, and it wasn't hot. I heard it again, but I was listening more. It sounded like someone had a voice changer on and they were holding their breath, and they were taking small breaths every now and then so they wouldn't pass out. I unplugged my headphone and wound them up before putting them and my Ipod back in my purse.

"Hello?," I said loudly looking around. I heard a high pitches squeak and the rustle of bushes. I walked slowly over towards the sound before I heard I heard a whirling sound. I paused right before I got

to the bushes and slowly pushed them aside. There were two... what looked like small mechanical beings. My eyes widened. "Holy Mother of...", I whispered. These were sparklings. The baby transformers. The transformers you only see on movies, and t.v., and comic books, and all that! I took a deep breath in and out, and got a good look at them to make sure my eyes weren't messing with my head and it wasn't some weird heap of metal and twisted limbs or something.

There was a tiny metal person, about the size of a five year old, that stood facing me. It had maroon armour that looked very thick and strong. The paint was scratched and chipped off in so many places that the paint almost looked like rust. On the side of its head was an antenna on the right side of its head. He also seemed to have a cut in his hand that was bleeding this weird pinkish blue kind of liquid. 'Energon,' I remembered. He had his arm up, and behind that was a smaller robotic being.

It was about a head shorter than the one in front of him. He had a kind of thin armor that looked flimsy. Its body was white with thick green strips that kinda curled in the front and back from the sides about an inch. Its feet up to its knees were green and its arm up to its elbow was green. His head was white except the green stripes followed too the top of his head. Its forehead was green, along with around its green around the mouth connected to the green stripes. Its paint was also scratched and chipped, but not nearly as bad as the other one. Its body and longer legs than his counterpart. He had wheels instead of feet, and his wide eyes were a electrifying blue. On the side of its head were little things that looked like fish fins. They looked like they were able to move back and forth, but right now they were pressed tight against his head. It had this weird machine box looking thing on a cord around his neck, and it was filled with energon.

I was snapped out of my wondering thoughts by the whirring sound becoming louder. I looked over to see the larger one had a cannon that was way to big for him, and it was about to fire. I took a step back out of fear and disbelief withdrawing my hands from the bushes so they snapped back together. I was about to go back to the house when I froze. They were just babies. Why were they out here all alone? My mind flashed to the police car I saw earlier. Then that other cars. The decepticons and autobots are already here, probably looking for them, but why haven't they found them yet? Where was its parents?

I saw a flash of red among the trees and walked over there. It was a huge red transformer. A look on its chest told me it was an autobot. I put two and two together. 'This must be their parent,' I said to myself. It had huge gun shots all over it. It was dead. I flinched away from it and looked over to the bushes that held the two. They're all alone... I thought about when I first saw them. They were shaking, the younger more than the older one. They were cold and scared... I looked back to the parent, and thoughts of my own dad flashed through my mind. I remembered holding his hand while he breathed his last breathe. I remember screaming help that wouldn't come for a while. I remember being that scared and all alone. I thought about what could happen if the deceptions found them first. This all but confirmed my thoughts. I wasn't going to let those two suffer like I did anymore. I was going to take them home and make sure they were taken by the autobots.

I slowly walked back over to the bushes where the two were hidden. I

still heard the whirling sound. I slowly pushed the bushes back only to lunge to the right when I saw a blue ball come at me. I breathed in and out heavily looking at the huge spot of burnt grass that was where I once stood. 'Well, this is gonna be an interesting day.'

****With a trumpet you carry around this thing called a flip folder. It basically is this square that has these little things at the top that allow you to add clear transparent sheets onto them. In these sheets you put the music and stuff. A lyre hooks onto your trumpet and holds the flip folder onto the trumpet.**

**Okay there you go! I hope it was good enough for yall. I changed it to where the younger one has the final things because...I don't know it feels like it should be on the younger one. I'll update as soon as I can and thank you for reading. **

I love reviews by the way! They feed an author's soul, LoL. I also might be a little more willing to update faster with a few more reviews *wink wink nudge nudge* I hope to hear from you all soon! Bye, I hope you liked it!

**P.S.- Even though you all probably know this, but I probably need to say it anyway, I do not own transformers. Well, Bye for real this time guys!**

3~ Skittles

3. Lillian Roland vs The Brothers

I'm back! And here's the third chapter of Scape Goat! I hope yall like it! And I don't own Transformers. I'll go ahead and say the thank you's and then I'll start on the story!

Thank you...

Reviewing- **AnswerTheCall, Autobot Princess Arcee, my feathered scales, Praxian-Press, and SunsteakersSquishy2.0**

Following- **Jimmy 144, SunstreakersSquishy2.0, Leader of the Wolves, and Autobot Princess Arcee**

Favrioteing- **Skyress98, my feathered scales, MrCrane55, and Spock is awesome14**

**' And when you said. I'm not okay. I left my phone in the cab. Let me take you there. I'm only getting started. I won't black out,'**

**~ Blackout by ?**

Lillian Roland vs. The Brothers

In the previous chapter...

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****Now this chapter...****

I slowly stood up and walked back over the bushes as silently as I could, crouched down so they couldn't see me. When I got close enough, I ran through the bushes and grabbed the gun. I jerked it away and threw it in a random direction. I heard squeals of surprise and fear, and saw the younger one run off. The older one who had been rooted to the ground with fear looked towards where it's counterpart had ran off to making a loud clicking in that direction and going to run after it.

"Oh no your not!," I yelled jumping towards it and landed on it pinning it onto the ground. It trashed and kicked but it was easy enough to keep it pended on it's stomache surprisingly. I held its arms down and put my knee on the middle of its back being careful not to hurt it . I manurvered it to where I was sitting ontop of it with it making loud noises and squirming to get away. I took my jacket off and went to put it around its midsection. It took a bit of doing, but I got the job done. I tore off the bottom piece of the jacket and tore off another part of the bottom. I hung those over my shoulder and grabbed its arms and ankles picking it up. He wiggled and yelled louder.

" If only you could understand I'm trying to help you," I said doing the penguin walk over to the closest tree limb that went to my shoulder. I put it's stomache on my shoulder and held it against the underside of the limb. I made sure the limb was stable and strong enough to hold it's weight before I got to work and my little project. By now the younger one should be quite a distance away so I have to hurry up. I put the biggest part of the jacket that had the sleeves still attached to it around his missection and tied it with the sleeves around the limb. I held onto him for a little bit before slowly let him go to see if it would hold it's weight. It did. A soon as I let go off it it started kicking and screaming. I glared at it before sighing. I grabbed one of the straps over my shoulder and tied it's feet around the limb. I tied it's arms to the limb to but left his arms by it's side. After reasurring myself that it would hold him for a little bit, I ran after the little one hearing the screaming just get louder as I left.

I ran as fast as I could after the young one hoping I was going in the right direction. I didn't know if it had turned or what. I had a thought and stopped turning around and walking back. As I got to the tree, I saw the youngest one jumping and trying to get the older one down while the older one was trying to get the other one to run as shown by the way he jerked it's head towards the opisite way I had gone. They were clicking at each other. 'They're speaking Cyber-

whatever it was,' I rembered. I watched this go on for a while before the older one spotted me and clicked loudly to the younger one . The younger one's head whipped around towards me. It squealed and started to run off again. I ran up to it and grabbed it by a handle bar that it oddly had on the back of it's neck. The older one was trying to get out of it's restraints and was clicking loudly at me. The one in my hand started kicking and screaming trying to get away from me. It wasn't till I saw it crying energon that I snapped out of it. I was so focused on getting them back to the house I wasn't even considering how they felt.

"I'm sorry," I said before bringing it to my chest and hugging it having it's head rest against my shoulder. It kicked and screamed for a little bit before calming down and crying into my shoulder. I rocked it back and forth shushing it and telling it it's alright. I did this until it stopped crying and I held it at arms length in front of me. It looked at me for a while like it was judging me before chirping and smiling at me. I smiled back and slowly set it down. I knew it was most likley going to run away after I ran after it like a manic and tied up it's counterpart, but I didn't want to upset it anymore. I saw it run off but it went to the tree where it's counterpart hung instead of into the woods. It clicked at me before pointing up at the older one. The older one was still clicking at the younger one jerking it's head towards the trees. I think it was trying to tell the other to run. The younger one ignored it and continued to look at me.

"You want me to let him down," I realized. I went over to the them the older one clicking louder and struggling more. I started to undo the jacket restraining the one it the tree and it looked at me confused. I held it to the tree by it's stomache as I untied the last one and gentaly sat it down on the ground. It ran off to the others side and started pulling the younger one towards the woods, not taking it's eyes off me once. The younger one jerked away from me and stood by my legs. The older one looked at it in confusion before clicking at it. They did this back and forth, their hands moving as they talked. The older one looked very frustrated. After a bit, it looked me up and down. I just looked at it with a raised eyebrow. I was still trying to figure out why the younger one had ran over to me. The older one stared at my eyes before chirping and throwing it's hands in the air. The younger squeaked in what seemed like excitment and climbed up my pants and onto my shirt where I quickly held it so it wouldn't fall.

" I really wish I could understand you two," I said. It chirped and nudged me with it's head. I looked at the older one to see it was standing at about arms length with it's hands in fist. He was glaring at me like I saw my older brother glare at the person who had tried to punch me at school . I light bulb went off in my head.

" You two are brothers aren't you," I said looking at both of them. The one in my arms chirped at me.

" They take that as a yes," I said," I wounder..." I moved the younger one onto my hip and helded i-...him there. I think they were guys anyway. If their not, oh well they can't understand me anyway. I started walking the way I came from and the older one follwed at a distance behind me.

" Okay so I can get you home, but how can I do that without any one

seeing you two..." I said. I sat the younger one down and got down on my knees. Then I called to the older one. It clicked and growled at me.

" Well then," I said. The younger one chirped and held his hands out to the older one. It huffed before slowly making his way towards us, keeping eye contact with me the whole time. When he stood in front of me I held my hand in front of me. He looked at me in confusion, and the little one went behind him and pushed him into my stomach and I hugged him. He tried pushing away from me before giving up. ' What am I doing,' I thought at first before the front of my shirt got wet. I looked down and saw him crying on my shirt. He slowly brought his arms up and hugged me to. I stared at him with shock. I wasn't sure what to expect when I hugged him but this wasn't it.

' You act tough, but really your just as scared and sad as your younger brother,' I thought feeling sorry for the two boys. The younger one chirped and ran over, wanting a hug to. I laughed at how jealous the younger one seemed. When they both calmed down and let go of me, I stood up and they and they stared at me expectantly like ' What now?' 'Well, I don't know what to do now. I have to get you home though,' I thought. I picked up all of my shredded jacket before I had an idea. I picked up the biggest part of the jacket I had torn and opened my purse. I picked the younger one and set it in there. Half of him poked out and then I picked up the older one watching him closely in case he decided to throw a fit about this. He squirmed a little but didn't reject me picking him up. I squeezed him next to his brother, making sure they were both sitting down. Half of them still poked out the top so I covered that part the best as I could with my jacket. I put the purse on and held it close to my side as I made my way home. I saw, what I now know WAS the decepticons, and held my breath,

' What if he picks up there energy signal?," I thought gripping my purse closer to me. The two inside were oddly still and quiet luckily for me. The decepticon passed with out falting. I breathed a sigh of relief and crossed the road before jogging back to the house. I threw the door open and closed it behind me and locked it. I leaned against it before squirming in my purse reminded me of the reason for my panic. I looked at the clock to see how much time I had left before anyone came home. 6:35, it said on the clock. I huffed before walking to my room. I lived in a one story house. When you walked in you were in a hall. A few feet in front of you was the entrance for the kitchen on the right and living room on the left. There was a bathroom in every bedroom and there was 5 bedrooms. One right behind the living room to actually, and that was Deans room. My room was kind of isolated in the back of the house since I liked my privacy and the walls were thicker than most of the walls because I liked to play my music out loud on really high volume. I originally did that just to get that room, because it was taken by Luke at first, but hey! Two in one! And thank god for that right now.

I walked in to my room and shut door behind me in case some one came home early. I took the jacket off only to see the two were sleeping against each other. I smiled in adoration thinking, 'Aw! That's so cute!' I carefully took them out and set them on the bed covering them with the jacket I was holding. The older ones eyes opened slightly and he sat up looking at me while rubbing his eyes, He stared at me for a moment before smiling and chirping to me. I smiled back and he layed down next to his brother and pulled the jacket back

over them and putting a protective arm on his brother. Soon he went to sleep again. I just stood there staring at them for a moment. I guess I was kinda like a mom now. 'An adoptive mom for another species,' I said chuckling to my self. I leaned against the wall slid down it. I rested my head on my knees and watched as the two little ones slept smiling.

'What do I do now?,' I thought. I looked down at the floor in concentration for a while. 'If I gave them to the autobots, I would probably never see them again, not mentioning trying to go talk to an autobot. If I keep them from the autobots...well I have no idea how to raise two sparklings!' A little voice in the back of my head told me to keep them. It told me that we could find out how, but how selfish would I be for doing that? My eyes fixed on the two on the bed with determined eyes. I'll keep them. I'll keep them just long enough to teach them how to speak english and I'll let them make their own decision. With this in mind, I grabbed a pillow and blanket from my closet and made me a pallet on the floor, not wanting to disturb the two. I tried to think about how to teach them english and not how much things could go wrong. I tried not to think about how I'm endangering my whole family by having them here, or what would happen if a decepticon found them, or if I couldn't feed them. I was jerked out of these thoughts by feeling something lay on my sides. I looked down to see the two sparklings snuggled into my sides. I smiled before laying my head back and trying to go to sleep. Somehow, I knew everything would work out.

"The kids at school always said I was going to be a teen mom," I said quietly before going to sleep.

****And there we have it! She's going to keep them until she can teach them english and they can make their own decision! How will she feed them though? How come the Transformers can't track their energy signal? What will she tell her family? What about school? Learn all these questions and more on the next chapter of Scape Goat!****

****That sounded like something of a T.V. show LoL, :3. Reviews make me happy! And the happier I am the harder I work! Read and Review and I hope to catch you next chapter!****

****3~ Skittles****

4. Lillian Roland vs Paint

****It's the fourth installement of Scape Goat! Let's get pumped up! *Cricket Cricket* Nothing? Really? Meh :p LoL. I'm going to ask a question at the end of the chapter, and the first person who gets it right gets the next chapter dedicated to them! Yay! ****

****Oh and I can't really respond to reviews for the next few months. Somethings messed up with my phone sorry. I'll get it fixed soon just thought I'd let yall know! Trying to think if there's anything else I need to tell yall...I think that's all. Sorry it took so long by the way. I'm a trumpet in marching band (Just like the character in the story. Coincidence? I think not! LoL) and we had to practice till five everyday this week except Monday. We didn't go to school monday. I know Labor day was forever ago...but Happy Late Labor Day! LoL. ****

****The Cover picture for the story had changed. For Tridor he is kinda a mixture of those two pictures, and Ace is kinda like the first picture, but dosen't have the gold things, and her builds kind of like the one underneat that. I'll try and draw a picture to give yall a better representation, but that's the best I could gind on google. Buy yeah. That's all for today, I hope you enjoy the chapter!****

****And Thank you...****

****Reviewing-**** ShiftFrame, SunstreakerSquishy2.0, Answerthecall, and praxian-press****

****Following- ****angeldevil728, ShiftFrame, and AutobotCopperShadow, ****

****Favoriting- ****ShiftFrame, Ratchet's Sparkling, ItsColdOutside, and Autobot CopperShadow****

****Btw- This chapter is mostly describing what the twins looke like. Nothing really intresting in this chapter. Sorry.****

' Can we pretend those airplanes in the night sky like shooting stars. I could really use a wish right now, '****

~B.o.B Ft. Eminem ****

****Lillian Roland vs. Paint****

I woke up to the sound of squawling. ' Because that's what everyone wants to wake up to,' I thought. I kind of sat up half way and rubbed my eyes. I felt like something was wrong and it was on the tip of my toungue...THE TWINS! I jumped to my feet and looked around for them. I saw mom akwardly holding each of them in the air at arms length in a diffrent hand. They were crying loudly and mom looked at me like ' What's going on?' I went over to her and grabbed them both and set them both on my hip and held them with a hand on their lower back.

"Shh. It's okay. It's alright. I'm here it's okay," I said while hopping up and down alittle to calm them. I've seen alot of moms do this with their children and I hoped it was an interspecies thing. The older one stopped crying first. It looked at me and wiped his eyes before turning his body away and crossing his arms. ' Aw, he dosen't want me to know he was crying. Even though it was obvious I'll go along with it,' I thought. I looked at his younger brother and noticed his cries died out when he heard his brother quit and was looking at my while wiping his eyes. He chirped at me and I smiled at him getting one on return.

" What are those things," mom said in her no nonsense tone of voice andputting her hands on her hips. Uh-oh, I'm in trouble. Improvisation!

" It's a..um...a...school project! For home ec! You know when you hvae to take the fake baby home for a couple of da-..weeks? Yeah, they've gotten really advanced," I said hoping she'd just take that as the truth and leave it at that. She raised an eyebrow but didn't ask for any more just nodded and left the room to go wherever.

"Just make sure they let me sleep," she yelled at me. I rolled my eyes yelling okay back at her. I looked down at the two little ones on my hips. They were looking up and at me with wide eyes. They were both chirping and clicking at me, but I still didn't understand them. I walked over and set them on the bed before grabbing the pallet off the floor and throwing it over the end of the bed. When I looked back at them, they were playing with the alarm clock. I just sat staring at them for a bit wondering what to do next.

"Well first things first I have to give you names. I can't really ask you your names and I can't call you thing 1 and thing 2 can I...Maybe...No better be names," I said watching the two with amusement. They were so amused with that alarm clock. They would jump and hollar everytime the clock changed the minutes. I took in their paint job when I rembered the older one's paint job was really chipped. I walked off and the two stopped messing with the alarm clock to watch me. I walked to my dresser and grabbed the pallet or really good and expensive paint and a paint brush. Might as well tidy up their paint job before giving them a name.

I set the paint on the ground before laying some newspaper on top of the ground. I walked over to the bed and grabbed the youngest one first. The older watched me carefully, but it didn't seem as it saw me as a threat anymore. I put the younger one on the newspaper and took a picture of it from all angles so I can get it's old paint job looking exactly like it's old one. I realized I didn't ahev any white paint. I'll just have to subsitute that with grey. I grabbed the paint remover to get the old and peeling paint off. It giggled when I touched it's sides and I raised an eyebrow. Note to self: Tiny robots be ticklish. After I finished that, I worked on painting him from the picture. I went to put the grey paint him and he jerked away and made the paint go where it wasn't supposed to. I sighed and used the paint remover to wipe it off. Sure it was wet and might have come off easily, but I didn't want to take a chance on smearing it. That a hard thing to get off. I took a minute before thinking on how to keep him still.

I heard the older one chirp loudly. I looked at him to see what he wanted and he was holding his arms in the air. I stood up and picked him up, putting him my hip. He chirped then pointed to the ground. I blinked before setting him back on the bed.

" What was the point of picking you up and then putting you back," I asked him confused. He facepalmed before pointing to the ground.

" Oh you want on the ground," I said in a blond moment. I placed him on the groung and he crawled to his brother. I watched them before going to sit where I did when I was painting him. He was holding his hand up in the air like I did when I told Rue to stay. Oh did I forget to mention I had a dog? Oh well...I do.

' Maybe he'll stay still now that his brother's next to him,' I thought. I grabbed the white and went to put it on his stomache. He didn't move. I smiled and got to work looking at the picture every few minutes to make sure I was correct. He squirmed a little when I painted his ticklish spots and twitched alot, but other then that he did good. I colored his neck ans some parts of him black just to help the green look better. I have to say...painting his hand felt like I was painting his finger nails. Just saying. On his shoulder was

little circles that looked like rear view mirrors. ' So they already have alt modes? I wonder what they are,' I thought. I layed down on my back and reached behind me to the cabniet behing me. I was to lazy to get up and get it. I opened and got out the Windex and rag in there. I kept i in there for when my laptop screen got dirty, but I guess it'll work for this. I cleaned it before putting it next to me in case I needed it again.

I let the front side of him dry before working on his back. I touched a place on each of his limbs and looked at my finger. No paint. I carefully picked him up and layed him on my stomache. He didn't seem to like this and seemed to whine. His older brother went and layed down on his stomache in front of him. They looked at each other and I smiled. They were so cute. The older one chiped and whirred at the younger one, probally saying something along the lines of, ' If I can do it and not whine, so can you.'

I quickly got to work and painting him before then younger one got fed up with staying still. I found out they have SHORT attention spans. I painted it and made sure it got dry before sitting him back up. I took a deep breath before going to paint the hardest part. I had saved the ears for last since i found it's ears were very sensitive when I was removing the paint. It had four metal lines, one on top, one on bottom, and a very soft whiteish grey fabric type of material in between eack line I colored the little lines green trying very carefully to not get it on the fabric. His ears were wiggling around lot so it was very hard, but I managed to do it. I made him stay there until they dried. I let him up and he went running around the room with his hands in the air chirping and clicking like ' FREEDOM! '

I looked at the older one who was still on his stomache before I started laughing. The older laughed to I think but it sounded mechanical. I took a deep breath and watched him run around a little more. He calmed down a little while and sat next to me calmly and looked at me innocently. He chirped and I laughed a little before looking towards the older one and waved him over. He stood up and just looked at me He looked at his paint job and then started chirping shaking his head. Him and his younger brother started having a conversation and I was left trying to figure out what they were saying iby hand movement. A.K.A- I had no clue.

I decided to do something useful and go ahead and name the younger one. I took in the little ones. He seemed to be made for speed and his brother seemed to be made more for fighting. I rembered that he had wheels for feet also. He reminded me of this one sparkiling of a fanfiction I read once. I think the name of it was Motherhood Brotherhood? I can't rember, I've read so many since then, but the little one looked exactly like the one in the story...Come to think of it it had an older brother to...Coinidence! I think so. I rembered the name she gave to the little one and smiled. It would fit him perfect.

" Hello...Accelerator," I said. The younger one didn't even look at me and I huffed. Note to self: Teach them their new names. The older one finallly came and sat in front of me. It stared at me before closing it's eyes tight, bawling up it's fist, and clicked. I looked at the younger one and it waved it's head towards the older one like, ' What are you waiting for?' I rolled my eyes before pickingup my phone to take a picture of him. I stopped my phone in mid air though.

There wasn't enough paint to see what his old paint was like. I sighed before getting up and grabbing my lap top. I flopped back on the ground. The older one opened his eyes and chirped at me confused. The younger one pulled on my sleeve but I ignored them for the time and turned my laptop on.

I pulled up google to look up pictures of transformers to get an idea of what ot paint him like but froze. If I had gotten telaported to the Tranformer universe somehow, I wouldn't find anything and I've read enough fanfiction to know the goverment would be all over my butt. I decided to go a diffrent route. I pulled up my fanfictipn account to see if I still had my transformer stories. I did. I went to my favorite stories and saw my favorite transformer stories by other authors there to. I looked at my computer in disbelief. I know they exist though! I saw the decpticon symbol on that car so I know the little ones didn't get sent here randomly, and if the decticons were real, they would know theres cartoons and movies about them and change their alt forms! Unless...Unless transformers was real all along. What if transformers was real and they just changed a few details so the public wouldn't know. But why would they do that?

I felt Accelerator get up and go over and tag the oldest one before running off. The oldest one got up to chase him. I smiled at them them before looking back down. If thats true i should have no problem pulling up a picture of them on google. I got on google and searched up autobot tranformers. I found a red transformer that had about the same build as the older one. I smiled satisfied before calling the older one over. It slowly wlaked back me and sat on the newspaper. It took thesmae stance as it did before, and the younger one sat next to me chirping. I used the paint remover on him and then got to work. I decided to make my way from top to bottom.

I painted the antennas first. I noticed he had two antennas on each side and not one. I put a fresh coat of black on those before moving to it's face. I painted his forehead and the side of his head a dark red and I painted down the middle a darker shade of red. It was thicker in the back than the front .I noticed there was a little tag on his forehead. I colored that black. I painted it's face gray. It was obivious it was having trouble staying still, but it was trying as hard as he could. I saw two lines that kinda jutted out and then went down to the end of his. I emphaised these with a thin layer of black paint. I painted it's neck grey also before moiving to his chest. I saw that his chest had what looked like the windshield of a car. I grabbed the Windex that set next to me and cleaned it since it was cloudy. I saw that underneath the window was maroon armor. Luckily it was scratched at all so I didn't have to find a way to it. I painted the same shade of red as before around the windshield I saw to square rear view mirrors on hie shoulders and cleaned those to. I painted around it red. There was a little pace where the armor was a little thinner at the bottom. I colored that the sqame shade I did as the stripe on his head.

I painted his arms grey to where it kind of puffed out at his elbow. I painted that red and his fingers grey. I went to his stomache and made that grey. I started jerking when I painted his sides, and I made note of that. He had what kinda looked like really short booty shorts . I panited it read, I there was a rectangular thing, you know the one on the front of cars. The little square yelllow things on the back of the car was there and I used Windex on it. I painted it's leg gey to where it puffed out at the knee. It had what looked like knee

pads on that were like a bowl with a line coming down a little on the sides. I painted those and the rest of the leg underneath it red. I painted the sides of it a darker shade of red. I colored the very tip of it's feet grey. I noticed it also had wheels but they were like an inch of the ground unlike his brother. During the wait I decided to name him. I googled something to name him before I found one that fit him perfect. Triador which means shooter in Spanish.

I waited till that dried before turning him over to lay on his stomach. Accelerator ran over and layed like his brother did a few minutes ago. I giggled a little before I finished painting him. I then again made him wait till he dried before I let him run off. He stood up and looked down at himself trying to see what I an done. I smiled before picking him up and setting him up. I stood up and scooped Ace, my new nickname for Accelerator, and walked them over to my dresser and sat them on there. My dresser had a huge mirror on it. They looked at them selves in awe, before they both turned around to look at me. ' Now would be a good time to teach them their names,' I thought. I pointed to the youngest one first.

" Accelerator. Ace," I said. He looked at me confuses before chirping to his brother. The older one shrugged and I pointed at him.

"Triador...hmmm...Rad," I said. I know it sounds werid but it'll work. The older one eyes widened before he chirped at his little brother. The little brother chirped and clicked back, his eyes also getting wide. I decided to check and see if they could rember their names,

" Ace," Ace looked over at me,"Rad," I said slowly. He looked at me when I said his name I smiled wide at them and nodded. They were so smart. They both jumped and tackled me in a hug like it was some unsaid decison. I put my hands on there backs to make sure they didn't go flying and landed on my bed. We all laughed before the two stood up and started playing some game I had never heard of. I rolled on my stomache and watched them get on the floor and run around. I smiled at them getting a determinded look in my eyes. These boys will be as great as Optimus Prime one day. Until then, I'll protect them with my life. These were my sons, and not one was gonna mess with them without getting their butt beat. My little shooter and speed...Now I just had to find food for them.

I thought for a moment before rembering the Transformers around the woods. I sat up quickly with an idea in my head. I walked over to the window and pulled the curtain back a little to where I could see the top of the woods even thogh it was dark, a few cars there. They had to have energon. I looked at the two were smiling still and made my mind up. I could skip band practice today and follow the first Transformer I see to their base. I would take it from there. Mom will have to watch them for me...I just hope she'll go with the fact that their really advanced fake babies...

Wait a minute...I have school today. My eyes widned. I totally forgot! Why didn't someone come up and remind me?! I looked at the clock and saw it was 1 o'clock in the morning. Oh...mom must have come up to check on me. I sighed as the tiredness finally hit me. I figured the two would be just fine and turned my light out. I crawled on my bed and fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

Okay so there we go! Sorry if it seemed a little rush. I have school tommrow and I'm alittle upset because my boyfriend just broke up with me and yeah :p. I know this chapter was kind of boring, but I promise the next chapter will not be. As you read above, someone's gonna steal energon from one of Transformers. Uh-oh. Anyway, I hop you liked it. Please Review and tell me what you think!

3~ Skittles

End
file.